

*To the Canon for
with the grateful regards
of the Author 1892*

(7)

PROLUSIONES
ACADEMICÆ
PRÆMIIS ANNUIS DIGNATÆ
ET
IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI
RECITATÆ
COMITIIS MAXIMIS
A.D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.



CANTABRIGIÆ:
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT
JOANNES SMITH.



THE INVASION
OF
RUSSIA
BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL.

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXVIII.

BY

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,

SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE INVASION
OF
RUSSIA
BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

—◆—
 γελῶ δὲ δαίμων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θερμῷ,
 τὸν οὔ ποτ' αὐχουῖντ' ἰδὼν ἀμηχάνους
 δύνας λέπαδνον, οὐδ' ὑπερθέοντ' ἄκραν.

ÆSCHYL. *Eum.* 530.

RIDE, boldly ride ! for thee the vernal gale
 Breathes life and fragrance o'er the teeming vale :
 For thee the Seine, for thee the glassy bay
 Laughs in a revelry of golden day ;
 And o'er the wave the mantling vineyards throw 5
 Their purple fruits, that in the mirror glow :
 Heaven lives and beams for thee : then boldly ride,
 Pageant of Gaul, and fair Italia's pride !
 Proudly thy eagle soars, thy banners stream
 In crimson folds, that mock the Sun's pale beam. 10
 Proudly thy coursers neigh, and pant to tread
 Muscovia's dust, and spurn the slumbering dead.
 "I hear* a voice—it cried—To arms ! advance !—
 "I see the star of Austerlitz and France."

* Segur I. p. 68. "Do you see that *star* above us?" p. 73. "Who calls me?" p. 109. "are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?" these are the words of Napoleon. Of his belief in his fortunate star, see Porter's Campaign, p. 352.

“Speed!”—They have sped—murmuring o’er hill and plain,
 Like the far murmur of the sleepless main— 16
 Wave after wave, a flood of silver light:
 Oh! that so fair a day shall soon be plung’d in night!

Awake! ye Spirits—if on Niemen’s shore
 Ye sleep, or listen to the midnight roar 20
 Of tumbling cataracts,— if ye love to play
 On the white foam, and course the dashing spray—
 I call ye now—on yon grey steep arise,
 And wake the slumbering legions of the skies;
 Shout to the tardy winds and stagnant air, 25
 And rouse the vengeful thunder from his lair!
 Proclaim to him, who vaunts that none shall stay
 His arm, outstretched, omnipotent to slay:
 Proclaim—, that pale Disease, the withering form
 Of Desolation, and the sweeping storm, 30
 They quail not, shrink not, from the haughty foe—
 They have encamped, and they will overthrow!—
 Slowly and darkly o’er the pine-tree groves
 The brooding mass of devastation moves; *
 It moves, it comes! from skies convulsed and riven 35
 The tempest leaps, the artillery of heaven
 Peals from the clouds, the arrowy lightning’s gleam
 Glares on the snows, and gilds the livid stream:
 The thunder growls around, and wildly sings
 Of banquets soon to be, with sullen mutterings. 40

Dost thou, proud chief, the voice of anguish hear,
 And drop, when others weep, thy pitying tear?

* Segur I. 119. The Emperor had scarcely passed over the river (Niemen) when a rumbling sound began to agitate the air. This was conceived to be a fatal presage.

Ah! no—thou must not weep! but calmly see
 Eyes glazed in death, grow dim, and die on thee;
 And smile where others smile not; sights forlorn 45
 Must be but dreams; and bursting hearts thy scorn!
 Ah! can'st thou hear that faint and stifled cry,
 And mock a dying father's agony?
 Ten thousand fathers there in silence sleep,
 Around their bier no wife, no children weep; 50
 The Vulture screams, the Eagle hovers nigh,
 Flaps its dark wing, and wheels around the sky.
 By moaning gusts their requiems are sung,
 Their's is the storm's wild howl, the thunder's tongue;
 Their shroud, yon leaden sea of floating gloom, 55
 Yon white and heaving mounds their only tomb!
 Ten thousand widows there beside thee tread,
 Ten thousand orphans wail around thy bed:—
 Can'st thou thus slay, and sleep?—Then hie thee on!
 By orphans' tears thy festivals are won— 60
 Burn, vanquish, spoil!—but ah! thy star* is dim!
 For One—the mighty God—thou can'st not vanquish Him!

HE saw the scarlet banner wildly spread
 O'er yon black waste, the city of the dead;
 He saw the victor ride in gorgeous state, 65
 Through fair Smolensko, houseless, desolate;
 And smile amid the dust and matted gore,†
 The formless wreck of what was man no more.
 He hears the triumph's peal, that frantic cry,
 By winds, his heralds, wafted to the sky— 70

* See the first Note.

† Segur I. 227—233, speaks of "heaps of smoking ashes, where lay human skeletons dried and blackened by the fire."

Great God of vengeance! Not to Thee they raise
 The anthem's voice, the chaunted hymn of praise:
 Havoc to them is dearer than thy heaven;
 Their hallelujahs are to Carnage given!

The spires* of Moscow glittering from afar 75
 In the pale lustre of yon silver star,
 Her steel-clad bastions, and embattled walls,
 Her domes, her fanes, and gold-bespangled halls,
 No more the minstrel's midnight music hear,
 No vocal strains her silent gardens cheer:— 80
 Save where yon holy quire† in pure array,
 Through the grey portal treads its lonely way:
 They with soft notes, that sigh upon the gale,
 Wake the sad echoes of the sleeping vale;
 Breathing, fair city, in a dirge to thee, 85
 Their sweetest, calmest, holiest melody;
 And cast, as o'er the mountain's brow they wind,
 A mournful glance, a long last look behind.

'Tis past, for ever—see! aloft they fly,
 Yon smouldering flakes upfloating to the sky;— 90
 Till the moon fades beneath the lurid stream,
 Blotted from heaven, or shoots a ghastly beam.—
 As some fond mourner, with averted‡ eyes,
 Kindles the pile on which a parent lies;
 Thy children, Moscow, rear thy funeral pyre, 95
 Plant the red torch, and fan the pious fire.—

* Moscow was called the City of the Golden Spires—its houses were covered with polished iron.

† Segur II. 17. Their priests headed the procession: turning their eyes once more towards Moscow, they seemed to be bidding a last farewell to their holy city.

‡ Virg. *Aversi tenere facem.*

For wilt thou, wilt thou thy Destroyer greet,
 Drest with the garlands of thy own defeat?
 Or bid thy vaulted domes with loud acclaim
 Attune their echoes to a Tyrant's name; 100
 Or see by feet unblest thy temples trod,
 And blood-red Eagles wav'd above the shrine of God?—
 Thou wilt not! Therefore with glad eyes I see
 The golden flame—the flame that sets thee free!
 Thy fretted aisles, thy burnish'd columns bow; 105
 Rejoice, rejoice! thou art triumphant now.
 There, there! from street to street with dreary roar
 Their yellow tide the rampant billows pour,
 And whirl'd by winds that sweep tempestuous by,
 Point their red spires, and sail along the sky. 110

Tyrant of Earth! what art thou? not to thee
 Crouch the proud surges of yon lurid sea—
 In vain on Kremlin's height with pallid stare
 I see thee scowl above the flames' red glare,
 And bid them make thee partner of their joy, 115
 And leave thee something—, something to destroy.
 These smoking piles—is this thy conquering reign?
 Those voiceless streets, that desolated plain?
 Thy throne—, yon scarr'd and solitary tower,
 Rock'd by the winds, and channell'd by the shower? 120
 Thy train—, shall they thy splendid deeds declare
 With their wan lips, and bless thee for despair?
 Go! hunt the clouds, and shout it to the gale,
 And let the night winds learn the vaunted tale!
 Go! bid the sky with acclamations ring, 125
 And bellowing storms thy boasted conquest sing!
 Tell of the feats thy own right hand has done,
 Unblest of God,—thy own right hand alone!

Proclaim—, that thou with unrelenting eye,
 Could'st boldly see thy legions faint and die; 130
 Could'st o'er yon waste thy grasping reign advance,
 And buy a desert with the blood of France!—
 No marble here thy blazon'd name shall bear,
 Nor storied wall thy streaming trophies wear,
 No deluged streets shall feast thy thirsting ken 135
 With one vast death, with hecatombs of men!
 Though Russia curse thee, Gaul shall curse thee more—
 That crimson flood, it was thy country's gore!
 Ah! can'st thou yon forsaken suppliants* see
 Extend their mute, their pallid hands to thee? 140
 Creep to the gate, and in the portal stand
 Of yon dark house of woe, a ghastly band?—
 For thee, they left soft Gallia's fragrant gales,
 Their own dear hill, their own domestic vales.
 For thee!—they trod for thee Muscovia's wild, 145
 And withering wastes where Summer never smil'd,
 And blackening woods, where sighs the waving pine,—
 And, that their eyes thus wildly glare, 'tis thine!——
 —Yet he did calmly pass without a sigh,
 And when for France they ask'd him, bade them die! 150

But thou,† whose breast with holier ardour fed,
 Glow'd for thy country, for thy country bled;
 I hail thee, Patriot! and with Moscow's flame
 Will write the glories of thy deathless name.
 Patriot! whose dauntless soul could brook to see 155
 Moscow in ashes laid, or Moscow free;—

* Segur II. p. 131. "When they (the sick in the hospitals) saw the army repass, and that they were about to be left behind, the least infirm crawled to the threshold, and extended towards us their supplicating hands."

† Count Rostopchin—by whose advice Moscow was set on fire by the Russians.

Enslaved,—it could not brook—for who would dwell
 A splendid captive in a painted cell?
 Better in dungeons and in gloom to pine,
 Than feast in halls which were, and are not thine! 160
 What boots the branching roof, the pillar's mould,
 The foliaged shaft, the cornice dipp'd in gold?
 If prostrate man a Tyrant's rod adore,
 And crouch a menial, where he reign'd before.
 Then, who exults not? though the fitful breeze 165
 Sigh o'er thy rifted pier, and crumbling frieze,
 Desolate Moscow!—for around thy grave
 Stern Virtue rears her freshest architrave,
 And Faith and patriot Love with lock'd embrace
 Entwine their arms, and guard the silent place. 170
 Pale Memory twines a cypress wreath for thee,
 Clasps thy cold urn, the ashes of the free—,
 And Granta bids her youthful bards relate
 How bright in life thou wert, in death how great!
 Though guardian Heav'n has made, with kindlier care, 175
 Her sons as free as thine, herself more fair;
 She mourns thee! though her new-born columns shine,
 To hail her PATRIOT PRINCE more blest than thine;
 Though vernal flow'rs her happier Muses bring,
 And grace his fostering hand, who bade them sing! 180

Pale, palsied Winter!—thus, by tepid gales
 Arcadian fann'd, and nurs'd in roseate vales,
 Or dreaming else in those Hesperian isles
 Bathed in pure light 'mid Spring's perennial smiles—
 Thus bards have named thee,—but that feeble name 185
 Thou, mighty Winter, proudly wilt disclaim:
 Though slumbering 'neath the cloud-pavilion'd throne
 Of Him who never sleeps, in chambers lone,—

Where the strong Earthquakes, His archangels, are:
 Where the blue lightnings wave their torch-like hair—
 Thou, yet unseen, unheard, hast whiled away 191
 The Spring's soft hours, the Summer's tranquil day;
 Thy sleep is slept!—no listless dreamer now,
 A Warrior armed, a dauntless Rider Thou!
 A mighty Hunter!—there I see thee leap 195
 From torrent's shore to shore, from steep to steep:
 Are not thy footsteps o'er the pathless sea?
 The streams, thy coursers, bend their necks to Thee!
 I see thee there with crystal bands enthrall
 The dash of waves, and curb the waterfall! 200

Ha! hast thou found them?—there thy victims lie
 Crouching and shrinking from the starless sky.
 Round* the pale flame that flickers in the snow
 Their blighted cheeks with ghastly lustre glow:
 And some there are, who stand in silence by, 205
 Or breathe a prayer, and then lie down to die:
 Or cower in circles o'er their grave of snow,
 Shrouding their brows in dark unutterable woe:
 And some who laugh with parched and tearless glare,
 A joyless laugh, and revel in despair. 210
 And one, whose heart is basking in the gleam
 Of a far land; the sunshine of a dream!
 Where the light trembles in the quivering shade
 Of some green orchard or dark olive glade;
 Where clustering roses veil his own retreat, 215
 And ivy mantles o'er the doorway seat:
 And her fair form before his feverish sight
 Glides, like a voiceless phantom of the night;

* Segur II, 148—168.

That angel form he never more must see,
 Save in the visions of eternity.— 220
 Ah! what will now those purple spoils avail,
 Stretch'd on the snows and scattered to the gale?—
 No earthly form to-morrow's Sun shall find,
 Save the white waste, no whisper but the wind!

He comes! he comes! ye Gallic Virgins twine 225
 The myrtle wreath, and weave the eglantine—
 For him, who rides in gorgeous pomp along,
 Strew, strew the rose, and chaunt the choral song.
 For him, whose car has thunder'd o'er the plains,
 Fettered by frost in adamantine chains. 230
 Ah! no—he comes not thus! no gladsome cry
 Shall shout his name, and hurl it to the sky;
 No grateful crowds before his eagles bend,
 No laurell'd hosts his chariot-wheels attend:
 For him no mothers' lips shall softly pray, 235
 No hands be clasped to bless him on his way:
 His heralds Silence and the Night shall be,—
 A country's curse, his song of Victory!—

Therefore,—to Winter's God the Nations raise
 A holy concert of symphonious praise.— 240
 For THOU hast spoiled the Spoiler: Thou hast bowed
 The Scorners' strength, the threatenings of the Proud!
 Thee, their dread Champion! Thee the Caspian shore,
 Dark Volga's flood, and Niemen's storms adore:
 Thee, the glad Tanais, Thee, the thundering voice 245
 Of Ister; the Cantabrian depths rejoice;
 Fair Tagus hears, and Alva's echoing caves
 Wake the soft music of his amber waves:
 And the great Earth, and everlasting Sea,
 To THEE their anthems pour, dread Lord of Hosts, To
 [THEE.



CARMEN LATINUM
NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATUM,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

AUCTORE

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CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

HANNIBAL.

OLIM supinum in vallibus Appulis,
Claro ruinis Hesperiiis jugo,
Lauru coronabant palumbes
Idaliæ patriâque myrto

Vatem Sabinum*: Me Genius loci
Mirâ jacentem lusit imagine,
Glaucâ salictorum sub umbrâ
Cum placidos peterem sopores:

Me fluctuantis sopiit Aufidi
Auditus ægro rivus anhclitu
Mæstoque riparum susurro,
Flebilius geminare murmur,

* Hor. Od. III. iv. 9. "Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo." &c.
Vultur M. situs ad *Aufidum*, propè abest a *Cannis*.

Ex quo parentem suspiciens puer,
Parvasque dixit projiciens manus,—

“O, cui * sepulcralem cupressum

“Et piceas ferimus corollas,—

“Si Tu vireto myrtifero latens

“Sanetasque valles et silvas colis,

“Si te reluctantem fatigat

“Spretus amor, veteresque curæ,—

“Phœnissa Dido!—Te precibus piis

“Divam† vocamus progenies Tua:

“En! fraudis infidæque dextræ

“Dardanidûm Tibi partus ‡ Ultor!—

“Ultore me, non expedient choros

“Festis diebus Romulæ nurus,

“Nec sponsa votivam recepto

“Texuerit philyram marito.

“Gætula, fas est, nutriet Appulas

“Leæna capras: Me Priami domo

“Natisque famosi latronis

“Nulla dies sociabit unquam;

“Dum flectat axem in gramine Martio

“Romana pubes; dum Capitolio

“Palmâ coronati quadrigis

“Hesperios referant triumphos.”—

* Hoc se obstrinxit juramento, ad aram in fano Didonis. Sil. Ital. l. 81.

† Justin XVIII. 6.

‡ Dido imprecatur jam moritura, Virg. Æn. IV. 625. “Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus Ultor!” ubi Hannibalem putatur cogitasse.

Fertur* loquentes æthere lurido
 Audisse voces, et rutilum Jovem
 Vidisse, convulsumque magnâ
 Sidereum laquear ruinâ.

Duxitque tollens Ipse manu Deus
 Vastas per Alpes, in Ligurum nigra
 Vineta, prætextasque myrto
 Eridani resonantis undas.

Magnum ille terrorem intulit accolis
 Dulcis Timavi et matribus Umbriæ:
 Illum triumphali quadrigâ et
 Fulmineo rapidum tumultu

Sensit reductæ ripa Placentiæ;
 Sensere valles, grataque Fæsulæ
 Dumeta Sylvano, chorisque
 Capripedum, tacitæque laurus:

Illum—, Velini sulphureus liquor,
 Canens genistis, et Trebiæ palus,
 Alnique nutantesque† taxi et
 Puniceo Trasymenus æstu.

Quin et minaces horruit impetus
 Romana virtus, ne Balearibus
 Lucos‡ Aventinos et ipsum
 Frangeret arietibus Quirinum.

* Liv. XXI. 22. "Fama est visum ab eo juvenem divina specie, atque post insequi cum fragore cœli nimbum: proinde sequi jussus," &c. cf. ad Sil. III. 181.

† Terræ sc. motu, dum ibi pugnaretur, Liv. XXIV. 31.

‡ Liv. XXVI. 10.

Atqui furentis detinuit gradum
 Non auspicatis seditionibus
 Devota Carthago, ruensque
 In furias sibi luctuosas.

Flevitque* lentis passibus Hannibal
 Suæ recedens arce Calabriæ, et
 Pinus† Tarentinas, et albi
 Pascua respiciens Galesi.

Flevit, recedens non aliter, Getas
 Quàm si remotos et Scythiæ nivem
 Mutaret apricis suorum
 Litoribus Libycoque cœlo.

Dixitque tandem victus: "Avi malâ
 "Domum redibo. Castra Ego Punicis
 "Romana sub portis, et hostem
 "Aspiciam vacuas per ædes

"Superbientem: proh! patriæ domus
 "Deserta! Te non Scipiadæ furor,
 "Non ira Marcelli ruentis
 "Edomuit, Fabiæve fraudes;

"Te perfidorum dextera civium et
 "Turpes triumphî; Te Superûm manus;—
 "Excessit, evulsis fragore
 "Porticibus, furibunda Juno,

* Liv. XXX. 20.

† Propert. II. 34.

“Excessit aris!—Quicquid erit, tamen

“Romæ superbas non Ego per vias

“Deducar, exosus Quirinum

“Hannibal, Ausoniosque Divos.

“Non hoc videbo dedecus—Ibinus,

“Lætas beatorum ibimus insulas,

“Quà, functus ingrato labore,

“Elysio requiescit antro

“Parens Hamilcar; quà comitem vocat

“Me nunc parenti redditus Hasdrubal,

“Et jam profecturum sub umbras

“Conqueritur nimiùm morari.”

EPIGRAMMATA

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATA,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATA

COMITIIS MAXIMIS

A. D. M. DCCC. XXVIII.

AUCTORE

CHRISTOPHORO WORDSWORTH,

COLL. SS. TRIN. SCHOL.

έν δὲ πείρᾳ διαφαίνεται
ὣν τις ἐξοχώτερος γένηται.

PINDAR.

- “ Πάλλας Ἀθηναίη, τί γελᾷς, ἄτοπον γελάοισα; ”
 ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη τείνων τόξα ποτανὸς Ἑρως.
 “ οὐ σε καλὸν βέλεσιν καγχαζέμεν ἀμετέροισιν,
 “ ἀμετέρων βελέων μήποτε γευσασμένην.—
 “ ἀλλ' ἄγε, δὸς μέσον ἦπαρ ἐμοῖς ἐγχεῖν οἷστοις.
 “ εἶτα γέλα·—μή μοι δοῦσα δὲ, μὴ γελάσης·
 “ ὥς γὰρ ἐμοῖ, —τὸ κράτος, τὸ μάχης ἄτερ, οὐ κράτος
 ἐστίν·
 “ ἢ δ' ἀρετὴ πείρας ἄμμορος, οὐκ ἀρετή.”

πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

Hom.

PIGMENTA quidam,—coccinum, violaceum,
Nigrum, crocotum, vitreum, subalbidum,
Et quicquid est colorum ubique gentium,
Unâ coactum temperabat assulâ.—
Quid multa?—magno fecerat molimine
Furvam * paludem lividissimi luti.

Sic, mî Juventî, quùm velis nescire nil,
Et in cerebri quatuor unciis tui
Omnes ubique temperes scientias,—
Næ tu colorem non facis hercle,—sed lutum.

* Notum est, caeterorum colorum mistura furvum effici.

SENARII GRÆCI,
PRÆMIO PORSONIANO

QUOTANNIS PROPOSITO

DIGNATI,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI

RECITATI,

A. D. M.DCCC.XXVIII.

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SHAKSPEARE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA: *Act III. Scene 3.*

—0—

ULYSSES. ACHILLES.

UL. TIME hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And lead you hindmost;—

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

—0—

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ. ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ.

ΟΔ. ὦ ΝΑΞ, φέρει πήραν τιν' ὥμοισιν χρόνος,
 ὅπου κομίζει πτωχικὰς Λήθη τροφὰς,
 τῇ δυσχαρίστοις χάρισιν ἐξωγκωμένη.
 τὰδ' ἐκ παλαιῶν κλάσματ' εὖ δεδραμένων
 ὁμοῦ πεπραγμέν' ἐστὶ καὶ βεβρωμένα,
 πέφυκεν ἄρτι, καὶ λέληθ' αὐθήμερον.
 τὸ γοῦν ἔχεσθαι τῶν πεπραγμένων ἄπριξ,
 σῶζει τὸ καλλιφεγγὲς εὐκλείας φάος,
 ὃ δ' αὖτ' ἀπειπὼν, οἶάπερ πανοπλία
 μελαμπαγῆς τις, ἐκποδὼν ἐκρήμνατο
 ἀρχαιοσέμνῳ γαυριῶν ἀγάλματι.
 ἴθ' ἀρπάσαι, τὸν ἔνθεν ἀρπάσαι στίβον,
 εὐδοξία γὰρ ἐν στενοῖς ὁδοιπορεῖ,
 ἴν' οὐ τρέχει τις, μὴ οὐ μονοστιβῆς δραμῶν.
 κράτει, κράτει συ τῆς ὁδοῦ, ζῆλος γὰρ οὖν
 τέκνων φυτεύει μυρίων βλαστήματα,
 τούτων δ' ἐφεξῆς πᾶς σέ τις κυνηγετεῖ.
 σοῦ δ' ἐκκλιθέντος ἢ πεσόντος ἐκδρόμου,
 ἐπεισπεσόντι προσφερεῖς κλυδωνίῳ
 ὑπερθέουσι, λοίσθιον λελοιπότες.

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 Though less than your's in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

καὶ μὴν προκείσει γ' ἐκτάδην, χαμαιπετὲς
λάκτισμα τοῖσιν ἐσχάτην τεταγμένοις,
ὥς εὐγενὴς τις ἵππος ἐν πρόμοις πεσὼν,
πατούμενός τε καὶ κατεσποδημένος.
τοίγαρ τὰ τούτων ἀρτίως εἰργασμένα
νικᾶν τὰ σοῦ παλαιὰ, κἂν μείζω κύρη,
πᾶσ' ἐστ' ἀνάγκη· προξένου γὰρ εὐτρόπου
ὀργαῖς ἔοικεν αἰολοστροφῶς χρόνος,
ὅστις δι' ὑγρᾶς τοὺς μὲν ἐξορμωμένους
μεθῆκε χειρὸς, τὸν δὲ δὴ νεήλυδα
πτηνοῖς ἔμαρψεν ἀγκάλων πετάσμασιν
φαῖδρός γε τοίνυν φροιμιάζεται γέλως,
τῷ δ' ἐξιόντι θρῆνός ἐσθ' ὁμόστολος.
μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν ἀρετὴ θηρευσάτω
τοῦ πρὶν γενέσθαι μίσθον· εὐγένεια γὰρ
ἀλκὴ, φρόνησις, καλλονή, προθυμία,
φιλότης, ἔρως, εὐνοια,—πάνθ' ἀπλῶ λόγῳ,
χρόνου φθονοῦντος καὶ φιλοψόγου κλύει.
ἐμφυλίῳ γὰρ ξυγγενὴς κηδέυματι
φύσις ξυνάπτει πάντας, ὡς ὁμορρόθοις
φήμαις ἐπαινεῖν νεόγον' ἀγλαΐσματα
καίπερ παλαιοῖς σχήμασιν πεπλασμένα,
βαιῶ δὲ χρυσῷ τὴν χνοάζουσαν κόνιν
χρυσοῦ προτιμᾶν τοῦ κόνει κεχρωσμένου·
ξυνὼν θ' ἕκαστος τὸ ξυνὸν σέβειν ἔφν.
πρὸς ταῦτα, μὴ, φέριστε, θαυμάσης ἔτι,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
